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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LI. CHICAGO, APRIL 30, 1903. NUMBER 9

ELLEN THURSTON LEONARD.

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A CALL FOR THE RECOGNITION OF THE EMERSON CENTENARY IN THE PULPITS OF AMERICA.

1803—RALPH WALDO EMERSON—1903

The approaching one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson—born May 25, 1803 – suggests the observance in some fitting manner of this centenary of America's great representative seer and prophet of the soul. It is to be expected that from many directions – the press, the colleges and universities, and the learned societies—public recognition will be given to this significant anniversary. But from no quarter could such recognition come with more fitness than from the American pulpit.

Emerson belongs to no sect or denomination. Even in his lifetime, he stood somewhat apart from those who were disposed to claim him; and his influence has long since passed beyond such boundaries to become the heritage of all reading and thinking people. He left the pulpit in his early manhood to find on the lecture platform and in the printed page a freer pulpit, from which to speak his message to a wide and varied hearing. First and always, as Matthew Arnold called him, "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit," he has been in a peculiar sense the teacher of many who are now preaching "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" to their fellow-men. Even if we take as apocryphal the saying attributed to Dean Stanley—that he had heard many sermons in America, but that the preacher was always Ralph Waldo Emerson—we cannot fail to realize with gratitude the great and beneficent influence upon our present moral and religious conceptions of Emerson's thought.

That his agency in helping forward the broader and more rational, as well as more truly ethical and spiritual ideal in the religion of the new century may be generally remembered by our people, the undersigned join in inviting their fellow-ministers of all denominations to observe Sunday, May 24, 1903, or any near date that may be convenient, as the Emerson Centenary, either by preaching sermons reflecting the thought, appropriate to the occasion, of our common indebtedness to Emerson, or in such other manner as may appeal to their judgment and taste Signed:

H. W. Thomas, D. D., Chicago, President Congress of Religion.
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary Congress of Religion, All Souls Church, Chicago.
Edward Everett Hale, D. D., South Congregational Church (Unitarian), Boston.
Josiah Strong, D. D., President League for Social Service, New York.
Amory H. Bradford, D. D., First Congregational Church, Montclair, N. J.
Francis G. Peabody, D. D., Dean of the Divinity School, Harvard University.
W. S. Rainsford, D. D., St. George's Church (Episcopal), New York.
Henry Churchill King, D. D., President Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.
Marion D. Shutter, D. D., Church of the Redeemer (Universalist), Minneapolis.
R. Heber Newton, D. D., Stanford University, California.
F. W. Gunsaulus, D. D., President Armour Institute and Pastor of Central Church, Chicago.
Leon Harrison, Rabbi Temple Israel, St. Louis.
John P. Brushingham, D. D., First Methodist Church, Chicago.
Elmer H. Capen, D. D., President Tufts College, Massachusetts.
Leighton Parks, D. D., Emmanuel Church (Episcopal), Boston.
E. Benjamin Andrews, D. D., Chancellor University of Nebraska.
William M. Salter, Chicago Ethical Society.
Franklin C. Southworth, President Meadville Theological School, Pa.
Martin D. Hardin, D. D., Andrew Presbyterian Church, Minneapolis.
Henry Blanchard, D. D., Congress Square Universalist Church, Portland, Me.
W. C. Gannett, First Unitarian Society, Rochester, N. Y.
Joseph Krauskopf, D. D., Rabbi Temple Kenetheth Israel, Philadelphia.
Max Heller, Jewish Rabbi, New Orleans.
Philip Stafford Moxom, D. D., First Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass.
Samuel George Smith, D. D., People's Church, St. Paul.
Edward S. Ames, Hyde Park Church of the Disciples, Chicago.
Samuel McChord Crothers, D. D., First Church (Unitarian), Cambridge, Mass.
I. M. Atwood, D. D., General Superintendent Universalist Church, Rochester, N. Y.
Alfred W. Martin, First Free Church, Tacoma, Wash.
Charles F. Dole, First Congregational Society (Unitarian), Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Orello Cone, D. D., President Canton Theological School, Canton, N. Y.
Charles Fleischer, Rabbi Temple Adath Israel, Boston.
A. A. Berle, D. D., Oak Park Congregational Church, Chicago.
John White Chadwick, Second Unitarian Society, Brooklyn.
Granville Ross Pike, Presbyterian, Chicago.
Charles Gordon Ames, D. D., Church of the Disciples (Unitarian), Boston.
Walter L. Sheldon, St. Louis Ethical Society.
Lee S. McCollester, D. D., Church of Our Father (Universalist), Detroit.
W. Hanson Pulsford, First Unitarian Church, Chicago.
Burris A. Jenkins, Church of the Disciples, Lexington, Ky.
Frederick W. Hamilton, Roxbury Universalist Church, Boston.
Ulysses G. B. Pierce, All Souls' Church (Unitarian), Washington.
J. A. Rondthaler, Presbyterian, Chicago.
R. A. White, Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Chicago.
George L. Perin, D. D., Every Day Church, Boston.
Richard W. Boynton, Unity Church (Unitarian), St. Paul.

UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1903. NUMBER 9

Work.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines.
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dew-drop with another near.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Dr. Hirsch, in a discriminating editorial concerning the judicial election now pending in Chicago, says in the *Reform Advocate:*

The nominations for the ermine are only in a very narrow and technical sense political and partisan. To maintain the purity and integrity of our courts is or should be the earnest solicitude of every loyal citizen. What men shall be elevated to the bench and what their ability and character shall be is a matter clearly beyond and above ordinary political considerations. The Judges are guardians of moral treasures as clearly as ever were priests or ministers. Upon their fidelity depend issues involving the noblest and holiest interests of society. The selection of the men upon whom the consecration of this priesthood of justice shall be bestowed is one of the highest prerogatives and therefore one of the greatest responsibilities of American citizenship.

A loyal friend and wise mother, who often speaks to UNITY readers, in a personal letter to the Senior Editor touches so responsive a chord in his heart that he passes it on:

"My four children absorb most of my strength. I wish you would stir up the formalism of education, the military ideals of discipline, etc. C. Hanford Henderson's book, 'Education and the Larger Life,' would touch you strongly. It is a new and radical doctrine—liberty in education."

For once we have found a vigilant reader of UNITY napping, or at least she has forgotten that we gave prompt and cordial praise to Mr. Henderson's book on its first appearance, and we are glad to know that through UNITY it has been made known to many.

In these days of humiliating reactions and lowering of ethical standards in regard to the negro problem, when social snobbery in the north makes common cause with the inherited prejudices of the south in denying to the negro his rights under the constitution of the United States and his higher rights under the constitution of Things—the law of Justice—it is refreshing to find our Jewish fellow citizens, in the main, keeping their heads clear and standing firm on the right side. Dr. Abraham Hirschberg, in a recent number of the *Reform Advocate,* has a timely word from which we quote a few of the many pregnant sentences:

The negro is still a slave, a serf to the oppressions of inherited prejudices. Abraham Lincoln emancipated him, but we still deprive him of his manhood. When we say, "This is a white man's land," we not only utter a falsehood, but we do violence to the constitution of the country and the higher law of God. This is none but God's country; all men are his children. Who can say, "Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us all?" and then, in the very next breath, deny to the negro his patrimony and his humanity?

Chicago is to have a judicial election in June which threatens to be attended not only with a partisan spirit, which is bad enough, but with partisan corruption, which is worse. With few notable exceptions the judiciary of Chicago have been above suspicion, and both parties, in the main, have had decency enough to put in nomination the present incumbents as far as they were eligible. But the Republican list, unfortunately, was the product of the nefarious caucus manipulated by Lorimer and "Doc." Jamieson, who contaminate whatever they touch. It is humiliating to see a scholar and a gentleman, a man of refinement and studious habits like Judge Waterman, refused the nomination, which the name of Judge Hanecy is hailed with loud acclaim. The least the independent voters of Chicago can do is to see to it that this last named judge be allowed to give all his time to the politics which he so affects. He should be excused from the judicial handicap. He ought to be excused from serving on the bench.

The disablement of the new "Maine" by the recoil of her own batteries sets one reflecting on the uncertainties of human judgment and the accidents in human history. It may never be demonstrated, but we believe, in common with most sane men, we think, that the original "Maine" came to her sad disaster through some inward defect rather than through the perfidy of a sister nation. Last fall the "Massachusetts" lost several men by a premature discharge. Recently the "Iowa" killed three men and wounded many more by the explosion of a twelve-inch gun during target practice. This has led McCutcheon, the skillful cartoonist, to picture the safety of our navy in times of war, its dangerous character in time of peace. And still there is a national insanity that affects many sane minds, who believe that it is high statesmanship to go on manufacturing these costly experimentations, the highest success aimed at being to render all preceding experiments useless, thus proving the folly of the whole wretched business. All the "Powers" of the world own a vast amount of junk material in their war ships, destined to be eaten by slow rust at great national cost.

The Universalist Leader, in commenting on the Summer schools for clergymen and theological students, laments that "The topics and the lecturers alike suggest a treatment far removed from the pastoral office and from religious administration. One searches long to find the name of a clergyman who could speak with authority as the successful minister of a church. The instructors are uniformly occupants of a 'chair,' and generally are scholars or authors of severely technical

limitations. The value of their teaching is not to be questioned. But it is remote from the minister's business, after all, and might be obtained quite as serviceably from their writings as from their readings." We sympathize with our contemporary in so far as to think that the preacher is in need of normal training, of practice work, the contagion of successful example, as much, to say the least, as is the teacher in the day school. But thus far little has been done in this direction for the minister, and it is because the minister himself too little realizes that the message calls for a method and that there is an art as well as a science in religious training and in moral leadership.

We are glad to print this week Mrs. Buckstaff's notice of President Harper's Apologia. We referred the publication in question to Mrs. Buckstaff because of her clear head in this matter, as well as her earnest heart. In a recent conversation with President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, in reporting which we violate no confidences, he said he would meet the difficulties alluded to by Mrs. Buckstaff in a much more direct and effective way than by this vivisection of college constituency. Said President Jordan in effect: The University might well raise the standard of admittance. Admit no boys or girls to the freshman or sophomore years who do not in a certain way come into the college life and make themselves eligible by resident standards. Dr. Jordan would apply the same remedy to the encroachment of the athletic and fraternity spirit. When the University is heroic enough to dismiss the incompetent and the inattentive, most, if not all, of the difficulties which have loomed up before the University of Chicago would disappear. We are not so easily reconciled to the reactionary step taken by the Chicago University in this matter as our correspondent seems to be, Not because of Chicago or its University—they are in an experimental age and can afford to learn by experience—but because it has been and will be a depressing influence in the realm of education. These reactions are contagious. They put new fetters of conventionalism, social artificiality, industrial commercialism and educational proprieties upon the young women of this country who need all the help possible to be themselves and to fit themselves for the work that awaits them.

The humiliation of the State of Illinois at the present time is very great. The assembly chamber at the state capitol has been desecrated for many weeks by a speaker who openly and persistently violated his oath and defied the Constitution in refusing to respect the legal rights of the members and forcing legislation that was not only obviously distasteful to the majority of the members of the house but was in direct defiance to the expressed wish of the majority of the citizens of Chicago, as expressed in their last election, the unanimous petition of the common council, and by numbers of the representative citizens. This disgrace culminated in a counter-disgrace that finally broke out in mob violence in the house and drove the speaker trembling from his chair, leaving the better elements of the house in possession to organize under a provisional speaker and express its wishes in constitutional ways. But the treasonable defiance of Speaker Miller with his "gavel rule" is the smaller part of Illinois's disgrace. Its humility lies back of that, in the dulled public conscience, the low standard of expectation which expresses itself now in merriment where indignation ought to be manifest. All this humiliation is the legitimate fruit of the "Billy" Lorimer régime, the disgraceful and disgracing member of the National Congress, who has been busily at work attending to this nasty business when he ought to be serving the nation, if not in the state's prison, then on the floors of Congress.

"There's not a crime that's rung upon the counters of this world
But takes its proper change out still in crime.
Let sinners look to it."

We print elsewhere an outline program of the Annual Meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference, which this year meets in Milwaukee, May 12-14. These are testing days to the Unitarian churches. Their place in the world as societies called into being in protest against the dogmatic spirit in religion, and particularly the irrational and inhuman doctrines set forth in the dogmatic spirit, is becoming more and more indefinite and unreal as the temper of other churches grows more genial to science and to progress. As their doctrines are becoming better and better adjusted to science and to reform, the Unitarian church must obviously be less against and more with the other churches. That there is plenty of dogmatism and narrowness still left in the churches is an obvious fact. That these things are being fought now not so much from the outside as by brave and good and true men on the inside of the so-called orthodox churches, is equally true. So the Unitarian church that found inspiration and its field of duty in the fact that it was against the other churches, that it stood for an unpopular interpretation of religion, must now seek a place with the other churches and justify its existence by its contribution to the common cause, by its capacity to forget differences and to work for the things held in common. That there is plenty of this kind of work to do no one can doubt. That there is a place, aye, a still higher and better place for the Unitarian church in this new adjustment than ever was given it on the old battle line is also true. So the perplexing problem is of the new adjustment. The arts of war are more easily learned and are more inspiring in a certain stage of development than the arts of peace. The theological cannon must, like the material cannon, be allowed more and more to rust in dismantled fortresses because the soldier has laid off his uniform and is lost in the struggles of peace. The problems of co-operation, as well as the word "Christian," may be too narrowly interpreted by their champions to give house room for the Unitarian thinker and worker. But ethics, national and international politics, education and all the reforms, private, domestic, municipal and industrial, are confessedly common ground in these struggles. Here, the Unitarian is always welcome, and in these fields the Unitarian has as much to do as ever before, and the rally at Milwaukee should be a cheerful, hope-

ful, outlooking and forward-looking one. If this new inspiration springing out of new tasks and new relations is adequately felt, the rally ought to be a large one.

Commercialism in the Church.

While the columns of UNITY are given this week to such a tender revelation of church potency and practical religion through organized use, it is a timely occasion to speak of a most suggestive study in the church life of today that is just at hand. Bradley Gilman is pastor of the Unitarian Church of Springfield, Mass. He was, we believe, a classmate of Rev. A. W. Martin, of whose work in Tacoma and Seattle mention has been made in connection with the Congress meetings recently held on the Coast. Mr. Gilman, in his "The Parsonage Porch" and "Back to the Soil," has already shown a book-making power, and those who know these two books will be more pleased than surprised to find this third venture, "Ronald Carnaquay; a Commercial Clergyman,"* from his pen.

It is clearly a church story, such a story as only a wide-a-wake minister and one who has had considerable pastoral experience, could write. The writer of this notice is easily interested in all love stories, and there is a sufficient love story in this book to make it attractive. But its chief interest and value lies in the fact that it is a novel that reflects real life as found in church circles. It is both an exposition and an arraignment of the inward life of the average church in an over-churched community. The woman of the "Bazaar" and the man of the "Board," developed by such a church, are here exhibited for our warning and our entertainment. Here the faithful minister goes steadily to his defeat while the "booming" minister, the high-pressure preacher, goes as steadily to his success.

Mr. Gilman, in this story, has not only shown us how not to do it, but has also clearly revealed to us the better way. Here is a book which might well be reviewed at a ministers' meeting. We commend it as a topic of discussion at religious conferences.

The author here raises the question, which he does not discuss, of the over-churching of modern society, and he shows us at the close the better way, the truer ideal.

It is not our purpose in this notice to review this book. We leave that pleasant task to another hand. Indeed, it is too plain a study in practical sociology to need a labored introduction, and it is too vivid a book, too interesting a story to be spoiled by anticipatory comments. Our hope rather is to call attention to it and to provoke a curiosity that will compel the reading of the book by many a minister and still more by laywomen who, in their anxiety to make their church a success, to hold the young people, to "draw" the socially ambitious and the spiritually torpid, forget the distinction here drawn between "a religious organization" and "a bureau of entertainments." And we wish it might be widely read by church trustees who are so anxious for a minister who will fill the pews, and so determined to measure the potency of the sermon by the size of the collection.

The titles of the chapters are provocative: "The Annual Meeting;" "Dancing and (Dining) to the Lord;" "A Pulpit Success;" "The Price of Blood;" "His Sin Found Him Out;" "Thou Art the Man," are some of them.

In these columns we have often urged that the modern church is sick, and the fact that the ministry is on the decline is a matter of almost universal assent. The theological school is about the only professional school in America that is suffering from a paucity of attendants, and actual decline in applicants. Mr. Gilman has not gone far in search of subtile metaphysical reasons for all this. He has simply kept his eyes open; he has looked around him, and he has discovered at least one seat of the difficulty. He has diagnosed the case. The high-pressure commercialism of the age, the social hurry and ambitions, the practical materialism of the campus as well as the exchange are all related to the unreality, the superficiality and the attendant uselessness of the church and the sorrow of the true minister. In the interest of the living church and a potent ministry we commend the buying, the reading, the lending of "Ronald Carnaquay."

*"Ronald Carnaquay; a Commercial Clergyman," by Bradley Gilman. The Macmillan Company. Pp. 374, $1.50.

The Emerson Centennial.

The plans and program for the Emerson Memorial School which is to be held in Boston and Concord in July are nearly perfected. The school will open on Monday, July 13, immediately after the close of the National Educational Convention in Boston, and continue three weeks. There will be thirty lectures, covering the various aspects of Emerson's life and work. The morning lectures will be given in Concord and the evening lectures in Boston. Two afternoons will be devoted to Memories of Emerson by men and women who were personal friends of the great thinker; and there will be throughout the period of the school special Sunday services, with sermons or addresses by eminent lovers of Emerson. Detailed information concerning tickets and other points will be furnished by the secretary of the committee, Mr. David Greene Haskins, Jr., 5 Tremont Street, Boston. The quick and easy railroad and trolley connections will make it convenient for visitors to take lodgings in Lexington, Bedford or Cambridge, as well as in Concord or Boston. The following partial list of the lectures and lecturers will give an idea of the broad character and scope of the school:

President J. G. Schurman, "The Philosophy of Emerson;" Frank R. Sanborn, "Emerson and the Concord School of Philosophy;" Rev. S. M. Crothers, "The Poetry of Emerson;" William M. Salter, "Emerson's Aim and Method in Social Reform;" Rev. Charles F. Dole, "Emerson the Puritan;" Dr. Edward W. Emerson, "The Religion of Emerson;" Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, "Emerson and Harvard;" Charles Malloy, "The Sphinx;" William Lloyd Garrison, "Emerson and the Anti-Slavery Movement;" Moorfield Storey, "Emerson and the Civil War;" Rev. B. F. Trueblood, "Emerson and the Inner Light;" Rev. John W. Chadwick, "The Simpler Emerson;" Henry D. Lloyd, "Emerson's Wit and Humor;" Percival Chubb, "Emerson's Spiritual Leadership in England;" Prof. Kuno Francke, "Emerson's Debt to Germany and Germany's Debt to Emerson;" George Willis Cooke, "Emerson and the Transcendental Movement;" William R. Thayer, "Emerson's Gospel of Individualism;" Prof. Charles F. Richardson, "Emerson's Place in American Literature;" Rabbi Charles Fleischer, "Emerson, the Seer of Democracy;" Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, "Emerson and Carlyle;" Rev. R. Heber Newton, "Emerson the Man." Other addresses will be by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Dr. Francis E. Abbott, Joel Benton, and Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt.

The Congress Itinerary.

V.

"Sixty pounds of onions to an acre," was the modest announcement of some flyers which were tossed in the lap as we lay several hours in one of the valleys of Oregon waiting for the clearance of a wreck. A train-load of belated and begullible travelers. It was a fine field for the boomer, the ubiquitous land agent. Go where you will real estate is the main proposition, and, strange enough, the more marvelous and priceless its value the more anxiety to dispose of it.

"Sixty thousand pounds an acre of the finest fruit on earth!" said the Senior, "Now I'll brag on Oregon." Verily, he had faith to burn, but the Junior dared to take issue with the claim—whereupon the claimant disappeared only to return with specimens of the veritable onions, something less than your head in size and as fine grained as the Bermuda. They were choice eating for the soldier boys on board, who had returned from the Philippines and were now being transported to Vancouver.

How young to grayheads do the soldiers look cavorting armed in their antics on the grass, how interesting and how sad. The first thought is of the mothers, of pity, then of, boys, and we weep; then of the nation, and we—well, we get mad.

A young life taken from its natural surroundings, subjected to all temptations, clinched into its cramped and chiseled corner, as a stone in a mighty wall, rifles, guns, cannons, powder, ball, shot, war, blood and battle-stricken, unfitted for the work of life,—all for what? To build artificial fences, to draw imaginary lines, to defend arbitrary boundaries. Some day there will be a commerce that will look above the walls, a golden rule that will girdle the earth; some day let us hope there will be a religion great enough to practice what it teaches of brotherhood and love among all the nations of the earth.

Here Mr. Jones had an opportunity to get in the work of the real soldier. Strolling outside he found a little fellow of ten sobbing beside his broken bicycle. One of the boys had carelessly snapped off its handle and left the owner broken hearted. It was his all—a Vanderbilt bereft of railroads, an Astor of houses, or a Rockefeller of oil. The Lieutenant was found and an impromptu sermon followed. "One of your boys—our boys—has done some mischief outside, broken the wheel of a little fellow, and it is his whole fortune. Uncle Sam is too big and rich and fair to rob a little boy and make him suffer a loss. He must be made good." And I supsect he was, for the Lieutenant had them in line as we hurried away.

A few delightful days at Salem, Dr. Thomas preaching for the Unitarian pastor, and then we joined Mr. Jones at Portland. Here all was in readiness for the congress; thanks to the energy and interest of Rabbi Stephen Wise. The first meeting was held Sunday morning in the Unitarian Church, where Dr. Elliott so long and ably presided. While increasing years seemed to demand a release from continuous work, he is still active in this and other fields, and his good wife remains in active relation with all the good work of the city. Dr. George C. Cressey, well-known in the East, is now pastor, and, with Mrs. Cressey and his congregation, gave the Congress a royal welcome. The afternoon session was held in the Temple Beth Israel, Rabbi Wise presiding. Mr. Wise is the beloved pastor and leader, not only of the liberal Jews in Portland, but the Gentiles claim him as well. The city honors him and loves him, and well it may, for he is a moving spirit in all that makes for the betterment of the people. A tactful worker, a magnetic speaker, an enthusiastic leader, he is bound to be a tremendous force in the liberal movement of the future.

Dr. Cressey is the author of several books, and a scholar and thinker, and he gave a forceful address on the trend of modern belief.

"The divine in man," he said, "is more and more seen to consist not in unique intellectuality nor yet in some miraculous infusion, but in the simple, universal faculties of reverence, worship, aspiration and thought. When once men realize that the basis of religion and its growth are natural, that the most divine faculties of man are the common and the universal, then processes of thought and feeling arise, often unconsciously, which suggest and compel fellowship in all things religious, unities of worship, unities of feeling, unities of service, unities at last in the future, of belief."

Rev. Mr. Small, of the Universalist Church, spoke with great exactness and eloquence of the new day of hope when a closer bond of fellowship would exist among all faiths, and rejoiced in the work of the Congress looking to this end.. Mr. Jones closed the afternoon on the unities of worship and the session adjourned to meet at the Opera House in the evening.

A large audience gathered at the Opera House. Mayor George H. Williams presided. The mayor is eighty-four years old, still hale and active, a member of the Episcopal Church, known and loved for his long, monorable life and his liberal and progressive spirit. Rabbi Wise was the first speaker, and the President-secretary followed. His words will appear in some issue of UNITY, hence I shall not try to reproduce them. Suffice to say that always he is a profoundly interesting speaker. That all our speakers hold the sympathies and held the interest of the people was evinced by the close attention and frequent expressions of approval. The State Conference of Charities and Corrections met the Monday and Tuesday following, and all were glad that it was so our speakers could take part in its councils, Mr. Jones addressing the conference the first evening on "The Obligations of Nobility," and Dr. Thomas the second, on "The Law of Service." And so closed our work and visit in Portland, one of the substantial New England cities on the coast, under the shadow of Mt. Hood, by the majestic Columbia, and so near the great sea that her breath means balm and fragrance even amidst the frosts of winter. Whatever it may mean to Portland, to us there is a meadow of pleasant days, of new and warm friendship, and of fellowship that runs forward to the greater days to come.

We had long looked forward to Tacoma and Seattle, these twin cities of the Sound, where two warm and brave spirits, Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Martin, had paved the way and made the day of work one of ease and pleasure. Nothing could be more delightful than our stay in their charming home, whose sunny breath is hospitality. Mr. Martin is a Canadian, educated at Cambridge. Mrs. Martin is a native Bostonian, niece of Rev. O. B. Frothingham and cousin of the late lamented Gov. Rodger Wolcott. Their home is a bit of the Hub transported to the electric atmosphere of the far West. Mr. Martin has founded a work in both cities known as the Universal Church. That in Tacoma, ten years old, having outgrown its church home, has found shelter in the Opera House. Here the Congress was welcomed Sunday morning. The bright and beautiful building was crowded with people who came to take home something, for those who listen to Mr. Martin week by week are fed. The pastor opened the service with words of loving welcome. Rev. Mr. Gillette of Whatcom offered prayer. The choir rendered beautiful music. A Chicago lady, lately moved to Tacoma, sang, the secretary spoke of the mission to the coast, and Dr. Thomas gave the sermon. It was a rounded service, full of something which can not pass away.

On the Friday night before, there was a reception to the delegates at the church where many old as well as new friends were met, and there were rides and

walks and various little gatherings of close friends. Among others were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Collyer, son of Rev. Robert Collyer, at whose beautiful home on the summit commanding the Sound we took dinner the evening of our departure. No place in this country reminds me so much of England as Tacoma, reveling in primroses and wall-flowers, and luxuriance of ivy never excelled. There, too, she has the soft mist, a little too much at times; and again, not so soft as it might be, but charming nevertheless, with the Olympian range glistening on the one side and Mt. Tacoma gazing from the clouds on the other. We visited the great saw mill, which I suppose is, as it is claimed, the "biggest on earth." The way it won its title may be interesting to those who live in rival cities. Seattle is fifty miles below on the Sound, and has somehow managed to get more people than Tacoma, partly, perhaps, through location or railroad service, but largely as the gateway to Alaska. Tacoma is older, has its own special charms, which no competition can dim, but in commercial sense it is population that counts. When the large saw mill at Seattle was built a trifle larger than at Tacoma, the latter added a few thousand dollars to her equipment for the sake of outdoing her rival. Another point of special contention is the mountain, "Mt. Tacoma" or "Mt. Ranier," according to the point of view. If at Tacoma, Ranier falls on deaf ears; if at Seattle, the word "Tacoma" is unknown. It seems, as nearly as I can get at it, through partisan sources, and there are no other, that after Tacoma planted her little self by the Sound she so fell in love with the snow-capped summit that she took his name, a name given by one of the old chiefs who climbed its crags and loved its lakes and streams. Then Seattle lifted its pretty head down by the sea and she became enamored, and, suddenly becoming envious of her rival, sent a congressman down to Washington and changed the name of her love to Ranier, after a Frenchman who never put his French heel upon that blessed mountain. Henceforth it is the old story—"the towns do not speak." Anyway Uncle Sam, to avoid giving offense, places both names in the family record. But I blame neither town. If I had a mountain within sight, of the grace, symmetry, majesty and beauty of this—whatever its name—I'd fight for it. Like Emerson, I'd own it.

Sunday evening we went to Seattle for the closing meeting on the coast. The largest hall was secured, but scores were turned away. Rabbi Joseph, a young man, and new on the coast, from whom we shall hear in the years to come, stood with Rev. Mr. W. D. Simonds of the Unitarian Church and Mr. Martin and his people, who greatly aided in the work. We were entertained by his parishioners at one of the lovely homes of the city. The pastor, Rev. W. D. Simonds, offered prayer. Rabbi Joseph spoke with power. Dr. Thomas followed, and Mr. Jones gave the address.

The exercises were brought to a close by a parting word from Rev. Mr. Martin, inviting the audience to rise in recognition of the great uplift given by the addresses of the congress officials, and in acknowledgment of the debt of gratitude felt for their helpful service.

The hospitality of Seattle was not only western, but it was Washingtonian, something just a trifle by itself, and three people from the East will ever recall it with gratitude.

By the way, the collection at Tacoma exceeded that of Seattle, and while the count was made I am told that here and there dollars were quietly slipped in to a little more than make good the deficiency. Anything to beat the other. Next week I shall give our visit to Salt Lake City, with President Smith and the Apostles, and then these long, rambling letters will close.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

President Harper's Apologia.

The report of President Harper on "Action of the University of Chicago in reference to the provision of separate instruction for men and women" is printed by the University Press among the Decennial Publications and is headed "University of Chicago, founded by John D. Rockefeller."

In this report President Harper is plainly on the defensive. After stating the new proposition to be separate instruction in the Junior College, as far as possible, "upon the basis of extending equal privileges to both sexes," he goes on to deny that this proposition involves certain things which have sometimes been supposed to be involved. It does not involve extending the policy to any work outside of Junior College work. It does not involve two separate faculties or special rules and regulations for women as distinct from men.

"It does not mean the establishment of artificial barriers to prevent men and women from any proper and desirable intercourse for which college life affords opportunity. At the same time it will not compel association. To a much greater degree than is now the case, this association will be a matter of choice rather than of necessity." "The proposition does not involve any reflection upon the students who have lived in the University during the first ten years of its history, nor upon the plan of co-education as adopted in other institutions." This is perhaps not quite consistent with the hint on page 16 of "too many cases of young women who have lost some of the fine attractiveness which somewhat closer reserve would have attained."

There are several indications that this renascence of sexual taboo in education is for the protection of the boys, "who are self-conscious and embarrassed when thrown into company with the girls." It is suggested by President Harper that in all prizes offered there should be an equal number for men and for women. This would certainly save the superior sex occasional pangs, and it will still be possible to use the dear old formula, "Very good, indeed—*for a woman.*"

But even a prejudiced advocate of co-education, as I confess myself to be, is impressed by Dr. Harper's candid and forceful argument. We are willing to see him try the new plan, which is modestly put forward "not with the idea that it is a complete and final solution of the problem, but with the belief that in our situation it is a partial solution." It is mainly justified by the overcrowding, the city location, the youth of the students of the Junior College, and the impossibility under present conditions of any proper oversight and guidance of students. "That in the creation of smaller communities within the general University community the lines of cleavage should be partly those that divide younger from older students, partly those that separate men from women, is certainly natural, and, subject to the condition that men and women shall have equal opportunities, and that the separation shall not be carried to an unhealthy extreme, can hardly fail to be advantageous."

The history of the proposition is interesting and shows the difficulties of avoiding undue influence of benefactors, and keeping an eye single to the true interests of education, especially as most educational questions, like most ethical questions, have two sides. In spite of our belief that the University of Chicago has taken the wrong side of this question of co-education, we believe that it has taken it honestly and sincerely —and as the segregation is restricted to the Junior College, there is still abundant opportunity for woman to try herself with man in the advanced courses.

FLORENCE GRISWOLD BUCKSTAFF.

THE PULPIT.

A Faithful Life.

In Memoriam.

ELLEN T. LEONARD.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, APRIL 19, 1903.

"The Faith that makes Faithful."

"Faith" is one of the large words that eludes definition. The thinkers, the philosophers and the saints of all ages have vainly sought for an adequate definition. Many definitions are good as far as they go, but none of them can adequately hold the subtle import of this great word. The Century Dictionary devotes nearly two columns to an attempt at defining "faith." The larger part of the space is given to citations from the great thinkers and seers, which go to illustrate the use rather than to define the meaning. But, from the great definition in Hebrews, "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," to that of Frederick W. Robertson, "Faith is that which ventures on God's side, on the side of right," all are inadequate, because this word touches a fundamental quality of soul; it is one of those primary terms of consciousness which can only be illustrated and never defined. It is something to be exemplified, not to be analyzed. It is a word of religion because it represents a synthesis, a binding together of many forces, a combination of energies, a summary of experiences, rather than an analysis, a pulling apart, a dissecting, a separating of emotions and thoughts, a severing of the act from the forces that lead to the act. The test of faith, then, is not logic, but life.

If this be true, the best test of faith is faithfulness. Faith is an abstract term. Fidelity is concrete. Faith may be a term of theology subject to dispute and has been the object of much dogmatism. Faithfulness is a term of ethics, about which there can be little dispute, concerning which the theologians are easily agreed. Faith is a term of the creeds. Faithfulness is a term of action, a measure of life. Faith may be made the catch-word of the sects. About it men have quarreled and conscientiously gone apart. Faithfulness combines. Around it men unite. In its presence creeds and labels are forgotten, and religion is exemplified.

"Faith" is the great word of the New Testament, and you need but consult your Concordance to realize that as used here it is a term of potency, a counter of power, a source and measure of loyalty. Said the Master in the presence of the halting, the timid, the cowardly, the calculating, "O ye of little faith!" It was the captain of the Roman guard, the daring centurion, who broke through tradition and convention in search of life and the life-healing forces, that caused Jesus to marvel and say to his followers: "Verily, I say unto you, I have not found such great faith; no, not in all Israel." In the vocabulary of Jesus, faith was the seed of accomplishment; it was that which would "remove mountains." Stephen, the martyr, went to his death with a shining face because, the text says, "He was a man full of faith." So Barnabas was the successful missionary through whom "more people were added unto the Lord, because he was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Paul, the irrepressible weakling, the man with a thorn in the flesh, who fought wild beasts, battled with the waves, and converted his jailers, talked about the "evidence of faith"; of "faith as the fruit of the spirit," as that which "worketh by love." He talked about the "shield of faith," he remembered the work of faith. Faith to him was a "breast-plate." He talked about "keeping the faith"; of "unfeigned faith." James said, "Faith without works is dead." He said that "by works was faith made perfect." John knew the faith that "overcometh the world." The writer of the book of Hebrews well said, "The just shall live by faith"; "the heart is purified by faith." The glorious triumphs of the patriarchs and the prophets were won by faith.

So I might go on, filling my sermon with Bible texts that interpret the faith of men by their faithfulness, making of faith a term of ethics, the meaning of which is easily apprehended, and not a term of theology about which scholastics may wrangle.

Be that as it may, make the most of your word. Exhaust your psychologies and your metaphysics in seeking a definition of faith. To-day I ask you to study it in the concrete. A very near, a very tender, beautiful and high illustration of faith rests in our minds and hearts this morning.

"Faithfulness," thy name is Ellen Leonard!

On Tuesday last, in the home she had so adorned, standing beside the open casket that contained the gracious face and form, I spoke as I could the word of consolation to her bereaved family and gave expression to my own personal love and gratitude. Then the strong arms of the young men, whose lives she had touched with helpfulness from their childhood, carried the worn-out body to its resting-place. On this occasion I would try to interpret the life of this woman as it is related to the life of All Souls church, for without her service this church could not have been as it is today. I want to testify to the public service of this shy woman who sought obscurity and privacy, like the strong and fragrant arbutus of her own beloved New England. It trails its vines in shadowed glens. It buds under the dead leaves which forest trees have discarded. It blooms while still the snow chills its roots. It is so quick to respond to the vivifying ray of the sun that it goes to meet it while it is still far away. You have noted how vigorous, persistent and pervasive is the fragrance of the modest arbutus, the beauty of whose bloom, woven in far-off glens, has more than once shed its fragrance on this desk through the thoughtfulness of its human counterpart, Ellen Leonard. And it is here today to typify the life I may not describe. Flower and woman testify that

> "That power which, through the wintry storms,
> Keeps such surprise in store,
> Midst life's thick fallen leaves may hide
> Glories undreamed before."

My acquaintance with Mrs. Leonard reaches back through more than thirty years of active life. I have said that without her assistance this church could not have been as it now is. In the missionary years of my life that preceded the conception of this church, she was in the councils of many of the missionary schemes; she was the skillful right hand, the caretaker and the home-keeper of those years of active propaganda from about 1875 to 1885. Her active cooperation began when she assumed editorial charge of the *Little Unity* twenty-two years ago this month. At the end of two years this parent and child-helper, the little paper that tried to link the best pedagogy, the truths of latest science and the appreciations of culture to the ethics of the fireside and the instructions of the Sunday-school, became a part of the mother periodical, UNITY, and the Home Department of that paper has remained absolutely and entirely in her hands up to the hour of her death. After her voice had gone, just before I left for my March vacation, she whispered: "I am sorry, but you will have to make arrangement for some one to take care of the 'Home' for next week," a request the like of which I had never heard before. But the "Helps to High Living," which for so many years have carried comfort to hearts widely scattered and strength to spirits sorely pressed, represent her last

literary quest. They were in type at the hour of her death. I read them from the proof this morning and they will be published in the Home Department of the Ellen T. Leonard memorial number of UNITY—the department that never needed looking after; its copy was always on time. Whatever perplexities awaited the Editor-in-Chief, the Home Department of UNITY never entered into those perplexities.

For twenty-two years this shy woman has sent her weekly messages of love and helpfulness from ocean to ocean. She had a bee-like instinct for honey. She could with unerring aim and bloodless arrow strike a noble saying on the wing. She scented an ethical aphorism from afar. And so these "Helps to High Living," a text for every day in the week, went out weekly year after year as evidence of her wide gleaning and her refined instinct for helps and helpfulness.

Mrs. Leonard was present at the first service in Vincennes Hall, the first Sunday in November, 1882. That service was the beginning of All Souls Church, and there have been few Sundays from that time to her death which did not find her at her place in the church. The "desk in the South vestibule" in these later years has been only second in importance to the pulpit in the administrations of this church, and, more than the pulpit, it has represented the courtesies of the parish. She has served this church in every capacity, from the humblest tasks of the janitor to pulpit ministrations. She has stood for its Pastor beside the coffin and there ministered to bereaved spirits. She has received confidences too sacred to be entrusted even to the Pastor. She was our first organist; the first President of our working sections; Chairman of the Sunday-school Committee for the first five years, and for the two years, 1887-89, she was Superintendent of the Sunday-school. In 1887 she was made Chairman of the Educational Section, which represents not only the Sunday-school, but the Confirmation Class, the Library, Manual Training, and other educational work of the church. This position she held until her death. With what care and fidelity she administered it, only those who have been permitted to hear or read the careful report made at our Annual Meetings and published in the twenty Annuals of this church, can form even an approximate estimate. In 1885 she was made Chairman of our Music Committee. In 1888 the Library Association was formed, and the Sunday-school library grew into a circulating library, open every day in the week. This and the Manual Training work with the boys were rivals for the supreme place in her heart, and it is hard now to determine which of these activities best represents her devotion and would most fittingly perpetuate her name. In 1891 the office of "Parish Assistant" was created to represent a work already well in hand. This position she occupied alone for three years. In 1894 these tasks were shared with another, and in 1898 she insisted that her own name be omitted from this position in our list of officers. But never did she withhold her counsel, her fellowship, and her many-sided helpfulness in this department. It was very hard, cruelly hard for her to give up any one and all of these positions, so keen was her enjoyment of congenial work, so high did her ambitious spirit vault beyond her strength; but with a magnanimity as beautiful as it was rare, she labored with consummate skill to induct her successors into each of these love offices. With the contagion of her own disinterestedness has the work she began been continued. Her latest concern was for the Annual, the Easter card, and the spring cleaning; and her latest joy, breathed to me in cheerful whispers on my return, was that "Everything is all ready for Easter, and the work has been beautifully done." She rejoiced in what she called the "sweet comradeship of the dear place, wherein it is a privilege to work and a joy to have tasks."

Mrs. Leonard had a genius for accuracy, a capacity for details, and a loyalty to the same that was religious. Her fidelity in these directions was sublime, and the value of such service, aye, the place of such service in a useful church, has amounted to a revelation. The office of "Parish Assistant," as she developed it, was an invention of Mrs. Leonard's, a creation of her fertile mind, her faithful heart, her tireless feet and willing hands. Many overburdened ministers and distracted parishes are groping for pastoral assistance among theological students, or younger ministers, those who for one reason or another are unable to carry on a work of their own, when in reality what they need is a home-keeper, a care-taker, some one to keep the "House of the Lord" tidy and in order. Let such pastors and parishes study the experiences of All Souls Church, Chicago, in this direction, and realize that the help they need is perchance within their own gates in the person of some faithful woman who is willing to do the chores of the Almighty, to become the errand boy of God. There are many wheels to be kept burnished and oiled in the church that is identified with the community in which it is placed, whose boundaries are geographical, not theological; whose center is ethical, not sectarian.

So unique was the humble though high service that this woman first discovered and then discharged, and so potent in usefulness, so essential a part, not only in the history of this church but in the economy of every true church, that I am tempted to quote at some length her own interpretation of the office as she saw it, in her first annual report as published in the ninth Annual of the Church. The report carries the significant motto from Milton:

> "Great things of small
> One can create, in what place soe'er,"

and contains her own confirmation of the motto's truth:

> In giving the first account, as far as is practicable, of the duties that have come to me as Parish Assistant, I do not undertake to name them as any standard of representation for such an office. The fact that they relate to the kind of service that when most faithfully rendered can be least clearly recorded, does not mean that they are a myth, nor does it mean here that any high representation of such a capacity has been reached. All Souls Church is still too new as a local power in the community, and its principles of action are, as yet, too insufficiently wrought out as a permeating, neighborhood influence, for any such office to be other than an experimental one, slowly adapting itself to the situation.
>
> It must have been a wise man who said something to the effect that the main business of life is sorting things out. I think he must have served as Parish Assistant somewhere. It is a kind of four-sided office. There is a drudgery and a glory side; a funny and a vexatious one. But probably this is true of most offices if one can only cultivate eyes on four sides of his head to see it. When one must keep three or four separate purses for petty cash proceedings, and as many individual boxes for postage stamps, and expect to maintain business integrity between them as to exchanges of accommodations, it requires a conscience like a lead pencil with an eraser at the reversible end, and always busy at one end or the other. A small tragedy is sure to follow any neglect. There are, however, some tangible items which can be recorded, but very much in the same way that it would be hard for a housekeeper to tell how many times during the year she had dusted the parlor and put things to rights, had mended the stockings and satisfied the wholesome appetites of her family. It would also be unrecordable how many church errands had fallen to the share of the Parish Assistant, how many letters of incidental correspondence had been written, or how many sessions of consultation had been devoted to the best furtherance of church matters.

How shall I count the characteristics of this service? Here was unfaltering fidelity, tireless diligence, extreme courtesy coupled with extreme sincerity, high ability consecrated to lowly duties. Mrs. Leonard was born with many capacities. The tissues of brain and nerve were the finished product of a puritan ancestry

refined by modern liberality anl hospitality. The old town of Lynn with its century-old story had tempered and refined her nerves. She came West a young woman, with possibilities and aptitudes which, had she been a man, would have made her a leader in the industries of the new city, a captain of finance or a power in the civic life of the community. But as she was a woman, these powers were precipitated upon the diviner, more obscure, but none the less important duties that may be classed as "fireside privileges."

Ellen Leonard had towering ambitions. At times she chafed like a caged bird within the prison bars of her limitations. She loved music. Her home walls were decorated with pictures painted by her own brush in her girlhood. She loved to write. There was in her, not wholly undeveloped, the power of a poet. Notwithstanding her busy life, she had a loving acquaintance with the masters of literature. Her reading was not extensive, but it was intensive, as her contributions to our earlier Browning classes abundantly prove.

She never knew the freedom of the affluent. Her life was restricted within the narrow financial limits that for another would be called poverty, but it was never possible to think of Mrs. Leonard as poor, so gracious was her bearing, so fittingly was she draped, so fore-handed was she with her revenues, so conscious of their being honorably earned and thriftily administered.

She was born with a frail body. Her inheritance had in it an element of physical weakness and premature decay. When she stood as a bride, those nearest her measured her prospects of life as a short five years. She made them thirty-five years—not by cosseting the weaknesses of the flesh, but by banking upon the strength of the spirit. All these years the soul was inadequately housed. The spirit shone through the frayed fabric of the body. But the joy of doing gave life to her. The sense of usefulness was her nourishment, and the purpose to serve was the tonic that made her life not only rich but long. Measured by any standards that deserve respect, she did live a long life. Her fifty-eight years were burdened with the achievements, aye, the pleasures and the inspirations as well as the sorrows and the sufferings of four-score years. If life is measured "not by figures on a dial but by heart-beats," Ellen Leonard laid down her work touched with the venerableness of eighty years.

I who stood so close to her must testify further if I would be true to her memory. Her achievements were not the result of some favored gift of temperament or easy faculty of inheritance. Let no one excuse himself from practicing the lessons of her life by assuming that hers was a peculiar gift. Her power of helpfulness was the product of a high purpose, steadfastly pursued. I can speak for All Souls Church and for her public service through it and with it, at least, and say that she did the things she did not like to do, and consequently her work was fruitful and her memory is blessed. She did not like to brave the storm, to climb the stairs, to invade business offices, to ask business men for money for this cause and that. She did not like to send reminders of neglected duties, to dun men and women for things which they owed to themselves and to God, but she did these things, and the singleness of the purpose transfigured the messenger. No man dared to take counsel of his meanness in her presence, and he gave, ungrudgingly now, what he ought to have been ashamed of having withheld until the alabaster box of precious ointment was broken at the Master's feet and the aroma reminded him of the heavenly duties he ought never to have forgotten.

Men and women looked upon her face and commented upon its serenity. It awakened thoughts of peace and conquest. But I tell you the furnace fires often flamed fiercely within. Said she to a friend with her waning breath, "Should you catch Mr. Jones doing the foolish thing of calling me a saint, clap your hand over his mouth." She might have trusted me. I knew her too well to insult her memory with easy compliments.

> No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise.

Among the many pictures and incidents that crowd upon me out of the burdened memories of over a quarter of a century of comradeship and co-operation, one pushes itself to the front and demands rehearsal. It was a cold, sleety, slushy winter day in Chicago many years ago. We were going to the station after a long, hard and distracting day's work at the old Unitarian headquarter rooms down town. I, at least, was glum, weary, and depleted. Suddenly there was a flutter, a flash, and I missed her from my side. In an instant she was ankle-deep in mud in the middle of the street with her eyes flashing fire, her figure all aflame. Heightened by a tremendous indignation, she looked six inches taller than her normal height. In one hand she had caught the cruel lash of a brutal driver's whip; with the other she was petting the steaming flanks of the horse who, having strained his last ounce of strength, had failed to move the cruel load and had been receiving the brutal lashing of the thoughtless driver. There were no wings on our angel at that moment, but there was the fiery indignation of Saint George, hot with rage over outraged innocence. It was a momentary flash, but there was an abject driver, a soothed horse, and an humiliated woman enjoining silence. At this time I dare speak of that transfigured moment, and, for the horse's sake, for humanity's sake, for truth's sake, I know I shall be forgiven.

I have said that Mrs. Leonard had a genius for details. Her bookkeeping was a marvel of neatness and exactness. The various pocketbooks and postage stamp boxes maintained an integrity, the one with the other, that would have delighted the most exacting banker. She was as scrupulous about moments as she was about pennies. And still there was more in her than this. The roundness of her character came out in her interest in ideas, in her readiness to trust ideals. By temperament, training and habit of mind, she was a conservative. She respected and never shocked the proprieties. And still she had a daring spirit, an adventurous mind. When those who plumed themselves on their radicalism flinched in the presence of the architectural innovations planned for this church, when business men, proud of their independence, talked of "what folks would say" and feared the loss of influence connected therewith, Mrs. Leonard never flinched. She said, "It is worth trying." When the battle of the Western Conference was on, when the Unitarian "Issue in the West" was raging and the question was whether the basis of union should be a "Christian," that is, a doctrinal or an "ethical" one, Mrs. Leonard was with the foremost out on the picket line, taking her full share of the opprobrium and opposition that went with those who stood for the ethical basis of religion, a basis which has now long since ceased to be a heresy in Unitarian ranks and when later along our growing work, and still more, our growing plans, chafed under the limitations of the Unitarian name, however broadly interpreted, it was Mrs. Leonard who carried the Freedom Fund to its triumphant issue. When she made up her mind in 1897 that the Freedom Fund of $4,500 should be completed that All Souls Church might honorably and honestly lay off its sectarian label, she converted her weakness into a mighty strength and went from house to house and office to office, compelling us all to line up to her standards; her own meager purse leading the contribu-

tions of all the rest of us; her hundred dollars shaming the most generous contributor on the list.

And again, when the Abraham Lincoln Centre began to be a matter of discussion, all her instincts and associations led her to cling to this "dear little home church," as she called it. She said with sad premonition, "I cannot think of myself as ever being related to the Abraham Lincoln Centre, but it is going to come." And how she worked for it, and how she rejoiced in the approach of it, only those who have keen sight and tender memories may know.

Such was Ellen Leonard. Have I not justified my text? Does she not exemplify the faith that is faithful?

Said one of the leading business men of St. Louis to me some years ago, "There was a time when Dr. Eliot never appeared before a business man in St. Louis without making him feel that there was a section of the day of judgment approaching." Such, I am sure, was the feeling of many of the supporters of All Souls Church when Mrs. Leonard appeared. Will that section of the day of judgment be less potent upon our lives now, that it has been translated by death and crowned with immortality?

It will be an ominous future for the Abraham Lincoln Centre if it does not conserve this mighty conscience, perpetuate this blessed name, and continue by every way possible—by name, and face, and word—the heroic representative of the Divine that was embodied in Ellen Thurston Leonard.

Her memorial is safe. It is enshrined in hundreds of lives that have been modified by her touch, sweetened by her example, strengthened by her deed. But there is something more to be done. While we are environed in time and in matter, it becomes our opportunity as well as our obligation to perpetuate her name and face in connection with the work she inaugurated, the triumph in weakness she achieved.

I know not how this connection may be made; certainly the name of Ellen Leonard is not to be lightly trifled with. Consecration con be honored only by more consecration. Some high thing, some blessed activity, benign, continuous and pervasive, should be the memorial of Ellen Leonard. Whether it be in the library to which she gave such loving care, in the technical training classes which she fostered with such skill, or in some other way, I know not; but in some way I must believe her memory will be kept green by those who are to guard the work she so benignly fostered. She was a veteran in the army-corps of life, a captain in the ranks of mercy, a soldier in the service of freedom, of fellowship, and character in religion. Let her friend and ours, our yoke-fellow in the service, William Gannett, sing the song of the veteran which so well fits this gentle lady, who we now know was a hero by brevet.

What rank? There was no epaulet;
Some humble rank that privates get;
The look said, *Hero by brevet.*

What regiment? I only know
They take the front where'er they go:
The face is all the badge they show.

In service! Where? How could I guess?
No roll of victories marred the dress
But eyes were full of field success.

No scars, or maim; no empty sleeve?
Only the smile that sufferings leave,
And weary days and nights achieve.

Tributes to Ellen T. Leonard.

GOOD BYE.

To E. T. L.

Midway in life, two meet, and part:
And one hath housed a transient guest;
And one hath etched into her heart
A woman's face, strong, sweet and blest.
So through the soft, wide silence, friend,
I send my tender love to thee—
A little flower unmarked, to blend
Somewhere with thine eternity.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

I should feel left out not to be asked in to such a circle of reverence and love as that you will gather for Mrs. Leonard. But I can do nothing except say how I loved and reverenced her. It was more than common "honor," there was reverence in it. Her face, her smile, her form, her manner, always suggested something of the "saint" to me, and, these years away from the seeing of her, she has always made that picture in my mind. Persons cannot be really gentle without having firmness, and cannot be successfully firm without being gentle. She seemed to be firmness and gentleness blended,—and this always. You felt sure she would see the simple ought and would voice it in her part in counsel,—and how many counsels we had to hold together in those old days of the eager heart in the Western Conference work! A kind of clear-conscience light seemed to be round her,—and in her, of course, making her wise. And in her humility she never knew it,—if she had it would not have been so. For me, at least, she has long been one of the beautiful figures in my chamber of embodied ideals, and my thought always turns toward her with blessing. How perfectly amazed she would be, if she knew we were writing such things of her!

One little memory I hold quite my own concerning her. When we were gathering and making the hymns for the little "Love to God and Love to Man" hymn-tract,—setting words of our faith to the common revival melodies,—I asked her, her of all persons!—to write some for "Hold the Fort." Well, who better than she, after all, with her tenacity to the Right? And she brought me the lines beginning, "Not a life so mean or lowly." If I remember rightly, I questioned some word or line in the hymn, I think she consented to the change; and then that I ventured further in another suggestion,—and she wouldn't! And I was, and am, so glad that she didn't! It was just like her to do both things. I can't remember what it was, but believe I soon felt she was right in the case, and I wrong. At all events, either because of the words, especially those of the chorus, or because of herself, or because of this little connection with it, the hymn, unfitted as it probably is to the tune, has always seemed to me a quite wonderful little poem,—one that ought to be more widely known, and to live. But it has yet to be discovered by most. Why not print it in your memorial number? And I have often wondered whether it were her one poem in words. She was a poem herself,—and this very poem. I guess that may be the reason I love it.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Mrs. Leonard's death quickens memories of associated interests and work through many years in our Western Conference; wherein her husband also was for a long time our valued and efficient treasurer. A rare soul she was in her uniform kindness, her ever ready and willing service, her self-forgetfulness and her thought for others. I think I have never known a truer illustration of Jesus' words "not to be ministered unto but to minister." There comes to my thought Whittier's poem of "The Friend's Burial," some of whose finest lines might as truly be written of her. But a little hymn or poem of her own is an unconscious self-revealing. When word of her death

came to me last week I was writing my Sunday sermon, and her lines came at once to mind; for it chanced that they caught up and carried on the sermon thought, and both for this and as a grateful remembrance of their author I used them at the close with a personal word. Mrs. John C. Learned, of St. Louis, was in the congregation; so to two long-time friends the service had a commemorative touch, and I know that the little poem left an impression on many hearts. Many friends will recall the simple but meaningful lines which are printed in the Home Department of this number of UNITY. FREDERICK HOSMER.

I consider it a high honor and privilege to unite with other friends in a tribute to Mrs. Leonard, whose loss is felt as a personal bereavement by all who knew her. Wherever her inspiring presence was known lives are touched and drawn together by a common bond of sympathy and sorroy at our common loss. All that we can say seems inadequate, for the best that the heart knows cannot be put into words, but must still be found and read between the lines. It is only since she left us that I have fully realized what an ever present permeating influence was the twenty years of friendship such as hers to me. For development and life they were to me twenty years of opportunity. To me her chief distinction was the wonderful many-sidedness of her sympathies. Through all these years she was a wonder and a surprise to me. I visited her for counsel in many perplexities, and the memory of many heart talks, like violets and sweet arbutus, I find all along the path winding through those twenty years. I always came away as from a visit to a clearer sky and a warmer climate, strengthened and refreshed by her care-taking insight and her love, *always her love.* I lived again in her gracious and illuminating presence. She lived close to the heart of human life and recognized and called out all that was sweetest and best in those around her. Our best tribute to her must be to shape our lives in her likeness.

LOUISE M. DUNNING.

Strength and sweetness are the two qualities which seem to me to have been most characteristic of Ellen Thurston Leonard. Brave, without fluster or self-assertion; tender without excess of demonstration or sentimentality; her always quiet exterior might easily lead the casual acquaintance to believe that here was a nature not easily moved, placid and undisturbed. But this serenity covered depths, often troubled depths of feeling, high ambitions, a thirst for all that is described in the words life and love. Here was an intensity measured only by depth of moral conviction, and in inverse ratio to the gift or habit of self-expression. She had the gift but not the habit of expression. She erred, if anywhere, on the side of reticence and a persistent self-suppression.

When I think how easily we women win public recognition and praise in these days of clubs and various women's activities, the laudatory terms with which we cover each other's large and small successes, and remember the devotion, the single-minded love of truth, the intellectual clearness and probity of Ellen T. Leonard, I feel as if we had a most mistaken sense of values in this world, as if one of the strongest and best among us had lived and died, winning but a tithe of the plaudits she deserved.

But plaudits is a word of poor meaning. The name and memory of such a woman keep their own unique and sacred quality. A nature so vital, earnest and consecrated leaves an ineffaceable impression. We shall never think of her without gratitude and a growing love that needs no visible object to keep it alive.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

In my memory Ellen T. Leonard will ever be enshrined as the living embodiment of Truth. Incident after incident crowds to the front during the many years of our intimate association where her simple directness solved the perplexities. If there was an unpleasant thing to do, she did it on the instant, an ungracious word that *must* be said, she said it with kindness, but unshrinkingly. She was made of martyr stuff. I cannot conceive of her being unequal to any task to which her conscience called her. And how severe were the accountings of that conscience with her own soul! Verily, she demanded "truth in the inmost parts."

You were always safe with her and could trust her to put the largest and best construction on word and action, to be absolutely fair in seeing the two sides of any question. I have thought often after a long talk with her, how skilled she was in her knowledge of the human heart and the complex emotions which determine conduct. But what marvel! She had *lived,* therefore she *knew.*

"Saintly serenity" are the words on many lips today when they would express her, but it was no easy saintship, rather the light of victory from many a hard-fought field that rested on her brow. There were storm depths beneath the calm, and sometimes they broke the surface.

I know that day must have been a hard one whose twilight hours brought her to me with the words, "Will you help me with the work of Parish Assistant?" Face and voice showed traces of the struggle. She had her own way of doing things, loved her duties and performed them with such exquisite finish—the copy for the printer in her beautiful handwriting was something one hated to destroy—that it was no easy matter to share them with another. But from that moment until the last tender hour when we sat clasping the hands that for this once only failed to give an answering touch, there was the most loyal comradeship, generous bearing and forbearing, full appreciation, and always a readiness to do more than her share of the hard and disagreeable tasks.

For many years the Saturday afternoon councils with the pastor in his study were red-letter days. Here problems were discussed, plans formulated, and the joy and fellowship in common work was realized. I like to remember the joyousness of those days, for a time came when constant attendance on the sick and aged in her own home sapped her strength and there was little left for the work she rejoiced in. But as always, to her, "Holy living meant no duty left undone." She left one sick room for the hospital to be herself laid on the operating table, then back again with depleted strength to take up the task again and yet once again, till we questioned how she could live at all under such strain and pressure. The last months were full of suffering unspeakable, but of beautiful revelations for her as for us. She realized as never before the number of her friends and how they loved her. The barriers which had seemed at times to hedge her in and apart, were broken down and she gave to her love full expression in word and kiss and hand-clasp. Once before, years ago, I had seen the same look of yearning for human love, as she stooped to feel the clasp of a little child's arms around her neck, that flitted over her face in those last weeks. Her thoughtfulness for others knew no abatement with her waning strength. Her last writing was a card with "Loving Greetings to Mr. Jones from E. T. L.," to meet him with a flower she had carefully planned for on his return from California. On the morning of Saturday she said to one, "Do you think Mr. Jones knows?" "Yes, I think he does," was the answer. "Oh, I did not mean to tell him until after Easter." There was to be no cloud to overshadow the brightness of the Easter service if she could help it, and in one sense her wish was realized. Before Easter dawned she had left us, but the day was radiant and minister and

people rich in the priceless bequest of a life consecrated to the service of others, glorious with the record of "true things truly done each day."

EDITH LACKERSTEEN.

I think of her as one who compassed the realm of service in a manner that was somewhat magnificent; who found no thing too small for the touch of her hand, none too large for the grasp of her spirit; therefore her dominion was uncircumscribed. And with what a regal step she trod this earth, putting the small, the trivial, the base under her feet, and rising proudly superior to circumstances and the conditions of life. As a queen, then, she stands before my eyes, who by virtue of her conquering soul achieved in this life success incalculable, immeasurable.

The passing, then, of this sweet, slender woman with the starry eyes, is accompanied in my heart with a large sense of triumph, and if I had my will I would sound for her the music that celebrates the death of a hero.

ANNE B. MITCHELL.

It is too late to write;—but I should like to be counted among those who honor Mrs. Leonard for her so faithful and effective work in bodily weakness, her life warfare more heroic than a soldier's—her victory.

H. M. SIMMONS.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—To enter Heaven a man must take it with him.

MON.—The one eternal lesson for us all is how better we can love.

TUES.—Give pleasure. Lose no chance of giving pleasure.

WED.—Work is given to men not only * * * because the world needs it, but because the workman needs it. * * * Work makes men.

THURS.—Life is not a holiday, but an education.

FRI.—The world delights in sunny people. * * * The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap.

SAT.—The most obvious lesson of the gospel is that there is no happiness in having and getting, only in giving.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

Love Makes Life.

Not a life so mean or lowly
  But, if love is there,
Both ingrowing and outflowing,
  May be strong and fair.

CHORUS:
  Love for every unloved creature,
    Lonely, poor or small;
  Christ was born to show how truly
    Love makes life for all.

Not a life so high in station
  But without love's breath—
Neither giving nor receiving—
  Is a living death.

Love by love alone is ripened;
  Hearts through it grow true;
Life is bounded, filled and rounded
  By its power to do.

Having love, be sure to give it;
  Give it, having not;
For in living through our giving
  Share we Christ's own lot.

ELLEN T. LEONARD.

Ellen T. Leonard In Her Own Home.

It seems fitting that the Home Department of UNITY should try to give to its readers some picture, however inadequate, of the home life of Ellen T. Leonard, for so many years its faithful editor.

For more than sixteen years I have known Mrs. Leonard in her home, and for nearly six of those years it was my happy privilege to be a member of her household. And now that that life has become only a memory, I wish I might impart through my recollection of her a little of its fragrance to those so unfavored as not to have known her or to have known her less intimately than I.

Only a memory! Every day it comes to me more clearly, more intensely, more sorrowfully, that that beautiful head with its crown of whitening hair, that gracious presence, with its nameless, indefinable charm, dwells visibly among us no more forever. But every day, too, strengthens the better thought that, in the case of Ellen T. Leonard, "only a memory," is the wildest of misnomers, for I know of nothing more persuasive or persistent, nothing more immeasurable in its potency.

It is hard to write the facts about Mrs. Leonard, because to those who did not know her well, the simple truth must often seem exaggeration. There is no need or excuse for over-praise. Hers was a superlative life. Her virtues were extreme. If she had faults, they were, most palpably, "defects of her virtues." The dominant note of her life was Duty. The faithfulness to details, the beautiful integrity of all her ways, has been spoken of by another, but this quality was nowhere more patent than in her own home.

Ellen T. Leonard's home life was many sided, fraught with many interests, beset with many anxieties. The little house on Lake Avenue, as well as the more commodious one at Sixty-sixth street and Ellis avenue, was always elastic enough to hold troops of relatives and friends and, in my recollection, was nearly always a home for more than her own immediate family. I can scarcely remember the time when she had not the care of some one sick, either in mind or body, or both, on whom she poured out toil and tenderness like water. It was much more often those who were in need of help than those who had help to give, that were welcomed as her guests or who made up her household. Lowell might well have had her in mind when he wrote:

"Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
  Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
  That doth not in her sunshine share.

"She doeth little kindnesses,
  Which most leave undone or despise:
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
  Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

"She hath no scorn of common things,
  And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart intwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
  To tread the humble paths of earth."

Her love of flowers, and indeed of all growing things, was at times pathetic, and her care of her little garden patch matched her care of the sick and helpless. The first warm days of every spring were sure to find her with hoe and rake in hand, making beds for the early bulbs and the sweet peas and flowering beans which, with a border of sweet alyssum and a few nasturtiums, filled the small enclosure; and I think their first blossoms never failed to grace the pulpit of the church she loved and which, in her hopes and plans, was never separated or separable from her home life and interests. She had three or four rosebushes, and I believe she knew every bud by heart long before it was a blossom. But the garden she loved best was a little mound of wood moss, wild ferns, and partridge vine, which was a joy and a solace to her all the years that I knew her. When weariness and weakness overcame her and life's burdens seemed beyond bearing, she would remove the glass globe that covered this miniature forest and plunge her nose deep in, to find a measure of joy and serenity in a breath from the sod and renewal of life in the "sweet woods smell."

Her little library is alive with memories. The books

she loved best, "On the Heights," "Charles Auchester," —that wonderful revelation of a soul tuned to the tensity of a violin,—Emily Dickinson's Poems, "Jess," "The Faith that Makes Faithful," "The Thought of God," always stood on the shelves of her writing desk within easy reach, and this choice of books is most revealing of her inner self. I hold a precious memory of the books we read together, *Les Miserables* among them all being most vivid in my recollection of her, for to me she herself was Mademoiselle Baptistine, the Bishop's sister, "diaphanous" with spirit, living only in her love and care for others, and gaining through the experiences of such a life an insight which to me made her solutions of the problems in the scarcely less eagerly looked for than Victor Hugo's own.

Only a little nearer than the books, were the drawers for the materials of the different departments of her church work, all labeled in her own clear, beautiful hand, "Study Classes," "Lend-a-Hand," "The Home," and the rest, and within, everything in perfect order to the last.

Though at times imprisoned in a reserve which it was hard to break through, no one was more susceptible to love or kindness than Ellen Leonard, and this was never more true than in those last days of fiery trial. The flowers that were sent, the messages and inquiries, reached her soul, and brave little letters answered every attention long after one less conscientious would have spared herself the toil of writing or dictation; and when power of expression was fast failing, she one day summoned strength to whisper: "Tell my friends that when I can rouse myself to be conscious of anything but pain, their kindness touches me to the depths. Say this if you have an opportunity."

Her industry was most unusual. Summer and winter alike, her day began at five o'clock or earlier, and ended when there was no one in the house awake to know. Her housekeeping, from basement to attic, was of the most exquisite sort, carefully planned, thoroughly executed, every room homelike and delightful.

Sometimes I have caught myself wondering why so rich a life must be poured out in details that often appeared so trivial. Her mending basket seemed so poor an output for a soul all on fire with energy, and many of the lives she spent herself to comfort so little worthy of the choice vintage she spilled. What high purposes might she have served had she not chosen for herself the humbler way. It was as if a lark had forgotten its wings and left its home in the sky to walk in the dusty road.

But all this has become clearer since we stood by her open grave and looked back upon her life as completed. That grave, as her pastor said, had been "thoroughly earned." That life had been well rounded out. One could scarcely know her without having all the ordinary standards of self-denial, of generosity, of helpfulness, become narrow, pinched, and mean. Her self-denial always touched the quick, her generosity was so much more generous than that of most, her integrity so vital, her helpfulness so far-seeing and complete. Who knows how great a matter this little fire may kindle? In this light the pathway of her life comes out in illuminated text. In this light one may well be reconciled to all that was painful in the life of Ellen Leonard. EVELYN H. WALKER.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
He that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And speaketh truth in his heart.

* * *

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—The fifty-first meeting of this organization will be held in the First Unitarian Church of Milwaukee, Wis., May 12, 13 and 14, 1903.

Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock the ministers will lunch together at the Republican House. There will be informal after-dinner speaking, debate and general discussion. Tuesday evening at eight o'clock there will be a platform meeting on the general subject "Our Place in the Present Religious Awakening." The first speaker will be Rev. Franklin C. Southworth, ex-secretary of the Western Conference and president of the Meadville Theological School. The second speaker will be Rev. Florence Buck, of Kenosha, Wis., and the third Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, of Chicago.

Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock there will be an address by Mr. Morton D. Hull, president of the Conference, the report of the treasurer, Mr. Herbert W. Brough, and report of the secretary, Rev. Fred V. Hawley. A general discussion of these reports and the work of the Conference as a whole will be participated in by Rev. F. A. Gilmore, of Madison, Wis.; Rev. George R. Gebauer, of Alton, Ill.; Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin, of Humboldt, Iowa; Rev. Ernest C. Smith, of Hinsdale, Ill., and others. At 12 o'clock there will be a devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. Adolph Rossbach, of Keokuk, Iowa. Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock a paper on Prof. James' book, "Varieties of Religious Experience," by Rev. Albert Lazenby, of Chicago. The discussion will be opened by Rev. Richard W. Boynton, of St. Paul. At 2:40 p. m. there will be general discussion in five-minute speeches from the floor. At 4 o'clock a business session of the Conference.

Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock there will be a platform meeting on the general subject, "The Real Mission of a Church." The first speaker will be Rev. Newton M. Mann, of Omaha, the second Rev. Wyman, of Topeka, Kan., the third Rev. James Vila Blake, of Evanston.

Thursday morning, 10 o'clock, address by Rev. Edward A. Horton, president of the Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston; address by Rev. Elizabeth Padgham, of Perry, Iowa, followed by general discussion opened by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, chairman of the Western Advisory Board of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. At 12 o'clock devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. Hedley A. Hall, Moline, Ill. Thursday afternoon, 2:30, address on "Woman's Work in the Church," by Rev. John W. Day, of St. Louis. Address by Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Mich. Reports of various Alliance officers and general discussion.

Thursday evening there will be a banquet at the Plankinton House under the auspices of the Unitarian Club of Milwaukee. Hour of assembling 6 o'clock, dinner at 6:30. Many noted after-dinner speakers will be heard and a general good time is promised to all. Free entertainment will be provided for all visiting delegates and friends by the people of the First Unitarian Church in Milwaukee.

Foreign Notes.

A CZECH PATRIOT, LADISLAS RIEGER, 1818-1903.—The following sketch of the belover Czech leader, contributed by Mr. Jelinek of Prague to *l'Européan*, is translated from the *Signal de Geneve:*

"The Czech nation is in mourning. One of the most characteristic figures in Czech politics, Dr. Lad Rieger, died on the 3d of March last. During more than half a century he was the soul of the nation. He guided its politics, at first in connection with the great historian Palacky, whose son-in-

law he was and whose prestige he inherited, later alone, with a power and a certainty that were never at fault.

"Born in 1818, at Semily, Bohemia, of a family of millers, he had already entered political life before 1848. Elected a deputy under the constitution of 1848, he participated in the congress of Kremsier. He remained in Parliament, where he showed himself a wonderful orator, until 1891, when his moderate party gave place to that of the Young Czechs.

"Throughout his long career he devoted himself to making known to Europe the just claims of his nation. In this connection he came into personal relations with Napoleon III. and with Gambetta. Broad-minded, he realized that his people could be strong only through possessing a strong art and literature. Hence his persistent effort to encourage the art of his country. To this end he inaugurated and himself directed that, for the time, immense undertaking, his Encyclopædic Dictionary. He had the happy faculty of comprehending all the needs of his nation. He organized the Society for the Protection of Czech Schools, and the Czech National Theater.

"His probity, affability and generosity won him the love of all his compatriots and even of his opponents. The whole nation looked up to him as its "Father." It showed its gratitude by a gift of 200,000 crowns, which, in the goodness of his heart, he left, by his will, to works of nationalization."

The Swiss editor adds that this gift of 200,000 crowns, raised by popular subscription, was presented to him on the seventy-second anniversary of his birth.

His obsequies were imposing. The entire city, both public buildings and private houses, was draped in black as sign of mourning. All the Czech countries sent delegations to folllow the remains of the noble old man, the last of those known as the "awakeners of the nation."

The Famine in Finland.—The *Gazette de Lausanne*, announcing the arrival of an American relief expedition in the famine district the middle of March, speaks as follows of existing conditions and their probable aggravation as the spring advances:

Clear to the 62d degree, even in the south, at Evensalmi, the general condition of the inhabitants is terrible. Hundreds of children beg their bread from house to house. Scarlet fever and rougeola are epidemic and have already caused eight hundred deaths. In a single parish five thousand persons are absolutely destitute of everything and are living entirely on what is called famine bread. Thousands of persons are going barefoot and with their clothing in rags. The country is covered with a heavy mantle of snow. The districts of Kagani and Uleoborg are the most afflicted. At least ten thousand persons live only as assisted. Half the cattle are dead, and the decease of many persons is constantly announced. It is thought that the American contributions, which already exceed $125,000, have prevented a still greater mortality. The situation will become still worse in April and May, when the spring brings on a thaw that will make the present means of communicating with these unfortunates impossible.

Woman's Suffrage in Ecclesiastical Affairs.—We learn from the *Signal de Geneve* that the Consistory, which in January listened to a favorable report from its committee on the proposition to give women the suffrage in church affairs, continued the discussion as to points of detail in its meetings for February and March. The matter was finally disposed of for the time being by the adoption of the following resolution:

"The Consistory, in transmitting to the Council of State the report presented by the committee appointed to consider the proposition of Mr. Chas. Bonifas and a petition signed by 2,398 Swiss protestant women, declares itself favorable in principle to the right of suffrage for women in ecclesiastical matters. It prays the Council of State to graciously consider what modifications it will be necessary to introduce in the constitutional law concerning the protestant cult to enable this reform to be practically carried out."

This motion was carried by a vote of 13 to 4, two members abstaining from voting. This is about the same proportion as in the Pastors' Association. It is now the business of the Council of State, and especially of the Department of the Interior and of Worship, which is in a better position to do so than the Consistory, to consider the method and prepare the way for the carrying out of this reform demanded by a considerable portion of the membership of the National Protestant church. M. E. H.

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